



THE LIBERTY BOYS OF '76

A Weekly Magazine containing Stories of the American Revolution.

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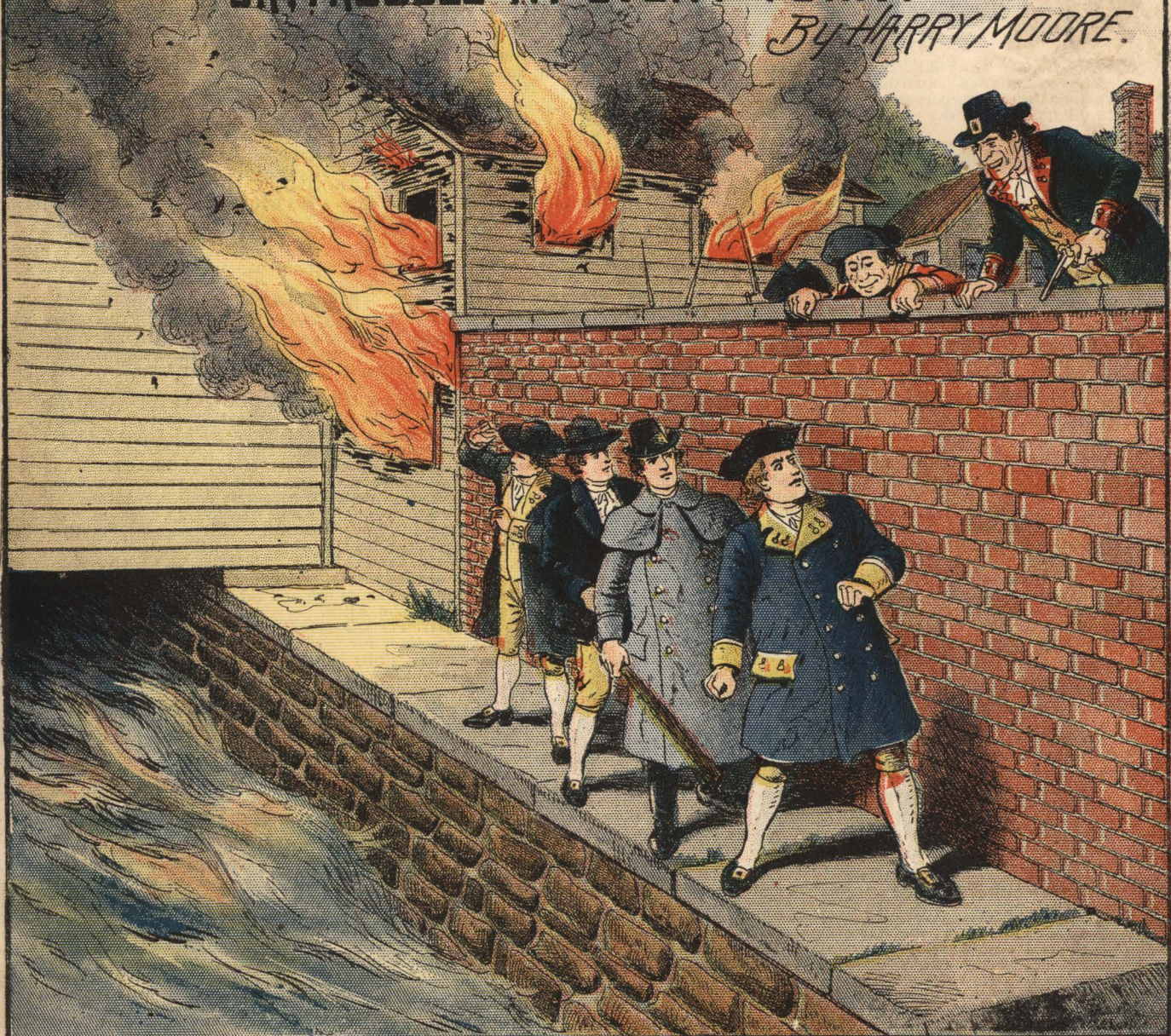
NEW YORK, AUGUST 8, 1902.

Price 5 Cents.

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OR, TROUBLE AT EVERY TURN.

BY HARRY MOORE.



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CHAPTER I.

TERRIBLE TURK.

"Hol' on there, stranger!"

"Hold on?"

"Thet's whut I said!"

"Well, what's the trouble?"

"Thar's heaps uv trubble—fur ye, ef ye don' hol' up, ez I've tol' ye ter do!"

"Who are you?"

"Me?"

"Yes."

"Waal, folks in these parts sometimes calls me 'Turrible Turk.' "

"Terrible Turk, eh?"

"Yas."

"Why do they call you that?"

"Ye'd better ax 'em."

"Oh, I don't care enough about the matter to go to that trouble, sir."

"Waal, I'll tell ye myse'f."

"Go ahead."

"Et's becos I'm sech er turrible feller, thet's w'y they calls me Turrible Turk."

"Oh, that's it, eh?"

"Yas."

"I suppose your name is Turk?"

"Ye s'pose right, stranger."

"And the people have prefixed the word 'Terrible' to it."

"I don' know nothin' erbout yer 'perfixin' bizness, young feller. All I know is thet ther people calls me Turrible Turk."

"That's all right; but what has that to do with me?"

"Nothin' in purtickler, I guess; ye wanted ter know, an' I tol' ye, thet's all."

"Correct; well, Mr. Terrible Turkey, what do you want?"

"Whut's thet?" in almost a gasp.

"You heard what I said, didn't you?"

"I thort I did, but I hain't posertiv' uv et. Did ye reelly call me outer me name?"

"I don't think I did."

"Whut did ye call me?"

"I called you Terrible Turkey."

"Thet's et! I thort I wuzn't mistook. Waal, young feller, d'ye know whut I hev er good min' ter do?"

"No."

"Ye don'?"

"No; what have you a good mind to do?"

"I hev er mighty good min' ter pull ther trigger uv this heer blamed ole hoss-pistil an' blow ther hull top uv yer head off!"

"That would be terrible, wouldn't it?"

It was a strange scene—an unusual and interesting scene. It was the afternoon of a beautiful day in the first week in May, of the year 1780. Sitting on the back of a magnificent black horse, on the road leading northward from Charleston, South Carolina, and five miles distant from the city, was a handsome, bronzed youth of perhaps twenty years of age. Standing in front of him, in the middle of the road, was a rough-looking, roughly dressed, bushy-haired and bearded man of perhaps thirty-five or forty years. In his hand he held a huge pistol, and the weapon was leveled at the youth on the horse.

As we have said, the big man with the pistol called himself Terrible Turk, while the young man on the horse was one well known to the readers of "The Liberty Boys of '76." He was indeed no other than Dick Slater, the brave and dashing captain of the "Liberty Boys."

He had been riding slowly along the road when suddenly the man had leaped out and called upon him to "Hold up!" as we have seen. Then had ensued the above-given conversation, and when Dick had remarked, after being told by Terrible Turk that he had a mind to "Blow the top of his head off," that that would be terrible, the fellow stared at the horseman in surprise. Dick was so cool and unconcerned that Terrible Turk could not understand it at all.

"Say," he presently exclaimed, "yer mighty ca'm an' unconcerned, et seems ter me!"

"Does it?" was the cool reply.

"Yas; yer don' seem ter be much skeered."

"I'm not any scared."

"Ye hain't?"

"No."

Terrible Turk opened his eyes still wider and gazed at the horseman, wondering.

"Say," he said, "d'ye see this heer?"

He gave the pistol a shake as he spoke.

"Yes."

"Et's er pistil."

"So I see."

"Et's er hoss-pistil."

"Is it?"

"Yas."

"Well, I wouldn't care if it was a mule-pistol."

"Haw! haw! haw!" roared Terrible Turk, seemingly much amused. "Say, yer er funny cuss, ye air!"

"Am I?"

"Yas. Who ever heerd tell uv er mule-pistil?"

"I don't know."

"Neether do I; an' I guess theer hain't no sech thing. But thar air hoss-pistils, ye bet, an' this heer is wun uv 'em."

"So you said a while ago."

"Yas, I think I did; but did I tell ye ther pistil is loaded?"

"No, you didn't say anything about that, but I supposed it was."

"Yas, et is; et's loaded, but ye'd never guess how et's loaded."

"No?"

"No; I've got et filled plumb-nigh ter ther muzzle with peeces uv iron, lead, nails, screws an' ever'thin' I c'u'd git erholt uv!"

"I see," said Dick, with a smile; "you were short of bullets and made use of whatever came to hand."

"No, I allers loads me pistil thet erway."

"You do?"

"Yas."

"What for?"

"So's when I p'int et at ennythin' an' pulls the trigger, I'm shore ter hit sumthin'."

"Oh, that's it, eh?" with a smile.

"Yas."

"Well, I should think you would not have much difficulty in hitting something if you have it loaded in that fashion."

"Yer right; ye see, ther contents scatters, an' I'm boun' ter ketch somethin'."

"Undoubtedly."

"An' now ye know what'd happen ter ye ef I wuz ter pull the trigger!" and the rough-looking stranger leered.

"Yes," was the cool reply; "I suppose I would get filled with nails, screws and things like that."

Again the ruffian, who called himself Terrible Turk, stared.

"Say," he almost gasped, "yer ther funniest cuss I ever run ercrost!"

"Am I?"

"Yas."

"I don't see why."

"Waal, I do."

"Why is this the case, then?"

"Becos ye set up thar an' look down inter ther muzzle uv me ole hoss-pistil whut is loaded with all kin's uv stuff, an' tork cool an' ca'm-like and grin ez ef ye wuz hevin' er breathday party er sumthin' uv thet kin', instid uv starin' Ole Death right in ther face ez ye air."

"Oh, that's the reason you think I'm a funny fellow?"

"Yas."

"Why, that is nothing to do."

"Ye think not?"

"Certainly. Any one could do that."

"Sorry, but I'll hev ter disergree with ye, young feller. I've run ercrost er duzen er more fellers this heer way, an' I hain't never foun' another wun whut looked an' ackted ther way ye air doin'."

"Is that so?"

"Ye bet et is!"

"Why, you never encountered any one that seemed to be afraid, did you?" Dick simulated surprise so successfully as to deceive Terrible Turk, who thought he was in earnest.

"Waal, I jes' guess I never encountered enny other kin' till I run ercrost ye."

"Is that so, really?"

"Yas."

"Well, I'm surprised!"

"Air ye?" eyeing the youth doubtfully.

"Yes; I would never have thought that any one would be afraid of an old horse-pistol like the one you have there."

"Ye wouldn', hey?"

"Certainly not."

"Et's er good pistil, I wanter tell ye!"

"It may have been a fair pistol at one time—but that was about the time Noah built the Ark."

"Noer, did ye say?"

"Yes."

"Who wuz he?"

"Didn't you ever hear tell of Noah?" asked Dick.

"No, I never did; did he liv' in South Carliny?"

"I think not, Turkey, old man."

"Say, don' ye go fur ter callin' uv me outer me name; cause ef ye do I mought pull the trigger an' fill ye full uv nails'n screws an' things like thet!"

"Oh, that's all right; I don't mean anything, Turkey, so you needn't get mad about it."

"Waal, ye kin jes' ez easy call me Turk; but I'd like ter heer more erbout thet feller Noer. An' ther Ark—whut wuz thet?"

The youth stared at the fellow in astonishment.

"Have you never heard of the Flood, and of Noah and the Ark?" he asked.

"I never hev."

"Have you ever heard of the Bible?"

"I never hev. Whut is et?"

"It is a Book—a great Book, in fact, the greatest and best Book ever written."

"I don' know nothin' erbout books, young feller; ye see, I kain't read."

"Oh, that's it?"

"Yas; but won't ye tell me ther story erbout—whut is et? Oh, yas! ther Flood an' Noer an' ther Ark."

"Yes, I will, on one condition."

"Whut's thet?"

"That you turn your pistol in some other direction or put it back in your belt. I'm afraid that you might get excited and pull the trigger."

"Oho! thet's yer game, is et?" cried Terrible Turk.

"What do you mean?"

"Ye know well enuff."

"No, I don't. What do you mean by saying 'That's your game, is it'?"

"Jes' whut I say. Yer tryin' ter fool me inter puttin' me pistil erway."

"No, I'm not."

"Yas, ye air! Ye kain't fool me; thar never wuz no sech feller ez Noer, an' he didn' build no Ark. Yer jes' tole me thet ter git me curiosity 'xcited, an' then ye wuz goin' ter yank out yer own pistil an' put er bullet through me, thet's whut ye wuz ergoin' ter do!"

The youth shook his head.

"I assure you that you are mistaken, Terrible Turkey," he said.

"See here; I don' want ye ter call me outer me name erg'in, d'ye heer?"

"Yes."

"Waal, don' furgit et, fur I mean whut I say!"

Dick Slater was doing a good deal of thinking while he was talking with the ruffian. The fact of the matter was that he had been taken by surprise, and as Terrible Turk had him at a disadvantage, he did not wish to run the risk of being hit by the nails, screws and other stuff that the pistol was charged with. He had hoped to get the man to lower the weapon, and then he would have drawn his own and been master of the situation; but Terrible Turk was too smart to permit this to be done. Dick decided that it would be best to bring the matter to a head as soon as possible.

"The fool may get excited and accidentally press the trigger," the youth told himself; "and the chances are about a hundred to one that I would be badly wounded, if not killed." Aloud he said:

"See here; what do you want, anyway?"

Terrible Turk grinned.

"Whut do I want?"

"Yes."

"Waal, I wanter know who ye air, fur wun thing."

"What good will it do you to know that?"

"Waal, et's on'y eterkett, ye know; ye see, ye know who I am, an' et's on'y right thet I sh'd know who ye air."

"Well, I don't know but that is right."

"Uv course et is."

"Very good; I don't object to telling you."

"Go erhead, then."

"My name is Sam Walton."

"Sam Walton, hey?"

"Yes."

"Waal, Sam, whur ye headed fur?"

"You mean to ask where I am going?"

"Thet's et."

"Well, I am on my way down into Georgia."

"Goin' down inter Georgy?"

"Yes."

"Whut fur?"

"Oh, just on a sort of pleasure trip."

"A plezzure trip, hey?"

"Yes."

"Humph! Air ye shore yer tellin' ther trooth?"

"Certainly; I'm going down there to visit some relatives."

"Oh, thet's et?"

"Yes."

"Goin' through Charleston?"

"I don't know; I may do so."

"No, I am not. I mean it; and I'll tell you what I will do."

"Go ahead." It was evident that the fellow was getting interested.

"If you will give me the chance, I will prove that I am a better man than you are."

"Ye want er chance ter prove et, do ye?"

"Yes."

The fellow hesitated.

"I've er good min' ter giv' ye ther chance," he said.

"I'll make you this proposition," said Dick: "Give me a chance at you and if I do not prove that I am a better man than you are then I will tell you whether I am a king's man or not."

"Yes; waal. ye might ez well tell me now an' hev done with et."

"That's what you think."

"Thet's whut I know."

"I have a different opinion regarding the matter; but if you are so certain you will not refuse to let me go without having to tell you whether or not I'm a king's man, if I prove myself to be a better man than you."

"Oh, no, I won't refuse thet; fur I know ye kain't prove no sech thing."

"Bah!" said Dick, contemptuously, so as to arouse the other to action; "I have beaten many a better man than you!"

"Whut's thet ye say!" almost howled the man. "Ye dar' ter tork ter me thet erway?"

"Certainly; it's the truth I'm telling you."

"Et hain't no sech stuff! W'y I kin break ye in two an' not more'n ha'f try, eether!"

"Proof is what I want, Mr. Terrible Turkey," said Dick, coolly; "proof is what I demand. I refuse to take your word for it."

"See heer!" in a voice quivering with rage, "don' ye go fur ter call me Turkey erg'in! I won't hev et, ye heer?"

"All right; but are you going to give me the chance to prove that you are not such a terrible fellow as the people seem to think you are?"

"Yas, I'll giv' ye ther chance!"

"Good! That is the way to talk!"

"Ye won't think et's so good by ther time I hev got hol' uv ye!"

"We will wait and see."

"So we will; but see heer, ef I put down my pistil how am I ter be shore ye won't pull er pistil an' shoot me?"

"I will lay my weapons to one side, Terrible Turk, and

then you can lay your pistol aside with the assurance that you will be dealt with fairly."

"Waal, I guess thet'll be all right."

"Certainly; I would not think of taking an unfair advantage of you—especially when I have an easy task of getting the better of you, anyway."

A growl escaped the lips of the ruffian.

"Oh, ye think ye'll hev an easy time uv et, d'ye?"

"Yes."

"Waal, I'll mighty quick show ye thet ye air wrong."

"Perhaps."

"Thar hain't no 'perhaps' erbout et."

"No?"

"No. Git offen thet hoss, stack yer weepins up ter wun side an' then I'll put my pistil ter wun side an' then we'll go fur wun anuther with Natur's weepins."

"That suits me exactly."

"Et may suit you right now, but in erbout five minnets ye won't be so well suited!"

"Brag is a good dog," said Dick, quietly; "but Holdfast is a better one."

"Waal, ye'll think I'm er hull flock uv Holdfasts!" with a confident grin.

"We'll see."

"Yas, thet's right; we'll see."

The youth quietly alighted from the horse, led him to one side, and then drawing two pistols from his belt Dick placed them on the ground and stepped away from the vicinity of the weapons.

"Now put your pistol down," he said, "and we will have our little difference of opinion settled very quickly."

"Thet's whut we will!"

As he spoke the ruffian placed his pistol on the ground, at the same time keeping a wary eye on Dick. It was evident that he was a bit suspicious that the youth was desirous of taking him at a disadvantage. Dick noticed it and laughed.

"You needn't be afraid, Turkey," he said; "I am not going to try to take an advantage of you."

"Thar ye go with thet 'Turkey' erg'in!" in an angry voice. "But I'll show ye; I'll hammer ther life ha'f outer ye an' make ye wush't ye hedn't never seen 'Turkey,' ez ye call me!"

"Oh, I wish that now!" smiled Dick.

"Whut's thet?"

"I say that I already wish I had never seen you. You have caused me considerable trouble and delay, and, besides, you are about the ugliest specimen of humanity that I

have ever seen, and it is anything but a pleasure to look upon you."

A hoarse growl escaped the lips of the fellow.

"Thet's all right; ye jes' keep right on torkin' like thet," he said, fiercely, "an' I'll jes' erbout kill ye, thet's whut I'll do!"

"Oh, pshaw! You should not be so fierce-talking, Turkey," said Dick, coolly.

A howl escaped the lips of Terrible Turk, and he was just on the point of rushing at Dick—at least so it seemed—when there came an interruption.

Two persons, one a man the other a woman, rode around a bend in the road only a few yards distant, and halted near by, staring at the two would-be belligerents in amazement.

The man was a British officer—a captain—and was not a bad-looking fellow, perhaps twenty-five or twenty-six years of age; the woman was a young lady of perhaps eighteen years, and she was very beautiful and sat her horse with the grace of an expert equestrian.

"Hello, Turk!" exclaimed the British officer. "What does this mean?"

"Hello, yerse'f, Capt'in Monkton," was the reply; "waal, I'll tell ye whut et means: This heer young feller hez set himse'f up ter be er better man nur whut I am, an' I'm goin' ter knock sum sense inter his head."

"Oh, that's it, eh?" the captain remarked, giving Dick a searching glance. There was considerable superciliousness in the glance as well as curiosity.

The eyes of the girl had been busy also, and she eyed Dick searchingly and curiously.

"He is a handsome young fellow, and is a gentleman, too," she said to herself; "now I wonder what strange freak has caused him to want to engage in a combat with that black-bearded brute?" Woman-like, she decided to find out at once.

"Why are you going to enter into a combat with—with that man, sir, if I may ask?" the girl asked, in a sweet, musical voice.

Dick looked at her and smiled.

"Not from choice, lady," he replied, doffing his hat and bowing courteously. "I was forced into it."

"Forced into it?"

"Yes, lady. This man, here, leaped out in the road in front of me, and as he had his pistol out and leveled, he had me at a big disadvantage; so I had no other course, and badgered him into agreeing to meet me in a combat with Nature's weapons, and let that decide the matter of whether I should go on my way unmolested or not."

"Ah, so that was the way of it?"

"Yes, lady."

"But it will not be an equal combat at all," the girl protested.

"Why not?" with a smile.

"Because he is much larger than you."

"Oh, but that does not count for anything, lady!"

The girl opened her eyes wide.

"It does not?" she asked, doubtingly.

"No; he is larger than I, but he is so clumsy that in turning around he is likely to trip over his own big feet and fall down."

A rippling peal of laughter went up from the girl's lips, while a muttered curse escaped the lips of Terrible Turk.

"So ye think I'll fall down over my feet, d'ye?" he cried.

"Yes, that is about the way I size the matter up," was the nonchalant reply.

"Waal, I'll show ye mighty blamed quick, an' ef ye're through torkin' we'll go ter work."

"Oh, I'm ready at any time."

"Then look out fur——"

"Hold!" cried the girl, in a ringing voice.

Terrible Turk stopped talking and gazed in surprise at the girl, while Dick and the British officer looked inquiringly at her.

"I don't think this is a fair contest at all," the girl went on; "and I protest against it taking place. Mount your horse, sir, and go on your way. There is no reason why you should fight this man."

"Oh, yes, there is," was the quiet reply; "there are at least two reasons."

"What are they?"

"One is that I promised him I would fight him; the other is, that I have an account to settle with him. I owe him something for the way he leaped out and held me up, and I always pay my debts."

"I guess ye'll fin' this ther biggest debt ye ever tried ter pay!" said Terrible Turk, with a grin.

"Don't interfere, Miss Geraldine," said the British officer, in a low tone; "that young fellow thinks he is a better man than the other; so let him go in and find out his mistake. It will learn him something and do him good."

"But didn't I hear you call the man 'Terrible Turk'?"

"That is his name, and he is a terror, too; but the young stranger knows it and is going into the matter knowingly."

The truth was the captain had taken a dislike to Dick, and was eager to see him pummelled up. The officer was

in love with Geraldine Fleming, the young lady, and was so jealous-hearted that it angered him for another man to even smile at and bow to the girl. Dick had acted so politely and courteously, and was withal so handsome and manly looking that the captain feared the maiden might take a liking to him.

"Very well," said Geraldine; "I will say no more, but I think it very foolish of you, sir, to engage in an encounter with that man."

"I assure you I am not foolish in doing so, lady," was the quiet reply; "I owe him a thrashing, and as I can easily administer it, I would be more foolish not to do so."

"Oh, I'll show ye!" cried Terrible Turk. "Air ye redder fur ther fight ter begin?"

"Ready!" replied Dick, carelessly.

"Then look out fur me, heer I cum!"

With the words Terrible Turk rushed at the youth with all the fierceness of a mad bull.

CHAPTER III.

A LIVELY ENCOUNTER.

Undoubtedly Terrible Turk was not alone in thinking he would be able to beat the young stranger down in the first wild rush. The British officer and the maiden both thought so; but all three were destined to be surprised. When Terrible Turk struck at Dick he simply ducked to one side, stepped out of the way and stuck out his foot, over which the ruffian tripped and plunged headlong upon his face on the ground, along which he slid, making a miniature ditch in the soft earth with his nose.

Cries of amazement escaped the lips of the officer and the girl, the latter clapping her hands and crying:

"Bravo! Good! good! Served the big brute right!"

The captain smothered an oath, but spoke it to himself quite heartily. "It was an accident," he told himself; "Terrible Turk will just about kill him when he gets up."

The youth smilingly waited for the fallen man to regain his feet, and then in a calm, matter-of-fact voice, said:

"Too bad you slipped, Turkey, old man."

"I didn' slip!" cried the fellow, hoarsely, rubbing the dirt off the end of his nose and digging it out of his eyes.

"No?"

"No! Ye tripped me, blast yer picter!"

"I'm sorry, Turkey, but——"

"Shut yer head!" roared the ruffian, still digging dirt

out of his eyes. "Don' ye dar' ter call me out uv me name erg'in, er I'll kill ye, thet's whut I'll do!"

"Pardon me, sir; can I be of any assistance in getting the dirt out of your eyes? If so, I am at your service."

The girl laughed a rippling, amused laugh; the captain muttered a curse, and Terrible Turk emitted a roar not unlike that to which a wounded lion might give utterance.

"Oh, but I'll fix ye, blast ye!" he cried. "Jes' ez soon ez I git so I kin see ye I'll go fur ye in er way ye won't like!"

"Well, be careful, Turkey, and don't trip over your feet again and fall down," said Dick, calmly, and this brought forth another hoarse roar from the ruffian, and a laugh from the girl, while the officer bit his lips to keep from swearing, and looked fierce.

Presently the fellow got enough of the dirt out of his eyes so that he could see, and then he glared at the youth who was the cause of his misfortune, with eyes of hatred. If he thought to frighten Dick Slater by looking at him, however, he made a big mistake, for the youth was not one thus to be frightened. Indeed, to the surprise of the ruffian the youth burst out laughing.

"I really can't help it, Turkey," he said, apologetically; "you look so comical with mud on the end of your nose and your face streaked with it, that a fellow couldn't help laughing, unless he was so constituted by nature that he was unable to laugh."

"Oh, I'll make ye larf!" howled Terrible Turk. "I'll make ye larf on ther other side uv yer mouth, thet's whut I'll do!"

With these words he again rushed at Dick, striking out wildly, his arms going at a great rate, after the fashion of the arms of an old Dutch windmill.

The youth waited till Terrible Turk was almost within striking distance before making a move, and then he ducked and dodged several of the blows, after which he made two quick grabs, and seized hold of the fellow's wrists and held him there, powerless, for a few moments and then gave him a shove which sent him rolling over and over in the dust of the road.

It was a feat of strength that was wonderful to see, and the officer and the maiden stared at the youth in amazement. What manner of fellow was he, who, seemingly only an ordinary youth, was able to hurl a big, strong man like Terrible Turk around as if he were a straw man?

Turk struggled to his feet, covered with dust and almost mad with rage. His hair, eyes and nose were filled with dust and the ruffian snorted and brushed and clawed in an attempt to get himself in a condition to renew the contest.

"Oh, I'll fix ye fur thet!" he howled.

"Will you?" said Dick, quietly.

"Yas, I will!"

"But I am all right as I am, Turkey."

"Thet's all right; I'm goin' ter kill ye, blame yer picter!"

"I'm glad you are man enough to tell me what you are going to do ahead of time, Turkey. That is kind of you."

The tone was mocking, and the ruffian realized this and gave utterance to a hoarse bellow of anger.

"Oh, ye think ye air some punkins becos ye hev be'n able ter throw me aroun' like ez ef I wuz er bag uv taters er sumthin' like thet, don't ye?" he said.

"Oh, no!"

"Yas, ye do!"

"Not at all. Being able to throw you around isn't anything to make a fellow feel important."

"Oh, et hain't, hey?"

"Certainly not."

"Then I s'pose ye think ennybuddy c'u'd do et?"

"Well, almost anybody; I think a good, stout ten-year-old boy would be able to handle you, Turkey."

A hoarse roar was the only verbal reply, but the ruffian had succeeded in getting the dust out of his eyes enough so that he could see very well, and he again rushed at Dick.

"I'm goin' ter fix ye, this time!" he cried. "Look out fur yerself!"

"Thank you, I will do so."

The youth spoke calmly and nonchalantly, and the girl on the horse looked at him admiringly.

"He is a wonderful young man!" she exclaimed, much to the officer's annoyance.

"I don't think he is such a very wonderful fellow," he said, in a tone of disgust.

"Well, I do. I don't think there are many who could handle that big ruffian as he has been doing and do it so easily."

"He has been lucky, that's all."

"Oh, I don't think that."

"You don't?"

"No; the young man knew just what he was doing, and did just what he intended to do."

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Well, you'll find your mistake, I'm thinking."

"I don't think so, and—look! What did I tell you?"

As the girl was speaking, Dick had dealt Terrible Turk two blows, one in the chest, which checked his rush, and then another on the jaw, which stretched him at full length on the ground.

"It was an accident," said the captain, in a tone loud enough so that Dick heard the words.

"You are mistaken, sir," he said, quietly. "There was no accident about it."

"I was not addressing you, sir!" said the officer, haughtily.

"I am aware of that, sir, but you spoke loud enough so that I heard what you said, and as you were mistaken I made bold to correct you."

"Well, don't make too bold, young man."

"What do you mean by that?"

"That you need not think that because you have succeeded in knocking that big boor around you are a match for any one, in any way."

"Oh, I am not much of a hand for thinking myself wonderful," was the reply; "I am quite modest and unassuming as a general thing."

Terrible Turk clambered to his feet, now, and Dick turned his attention to his opponent. The blow on the jaw, which would have knocked many men senseless, had simply dazed him temporarily, and he was not yet willing to acknowledge himself beaten.

"I'm of the opinion that that young fellow needs a lesson!" said the captain, addressing Miss Geraldine.

"Why so, captain?" the girl asked.

"For the reason that he is too bigoted by half."

"I don't think he is bigoted. He seems like a modest young fellow."

"Modest fellow—bah! He is anything but modest. He has a wonderfully high opinion of himself, and after he gets through with Turk I think that I shall take him in hand and give him a lesson."

"How do you mean, captain?"

"I mean that I will challenge him to a duel, and slice off one of his ears and mark that handsome face of his!"

The officer spoke fiercely and vindictively, and the girl, who knew the man well, felt sure that he would do what he said, if it were possible for him to do it.

"I don't see what right you have to challenge him," she said; "he has done nothing to you."

"He talked insolently to me. Didn't you hear him?"

"I don't think he talked any more insolently than you did."

"But that is different; I am a British officer, and what right has a boor, a peasant like him to talk insolently to me?"

"I don't see that there is any difference."

"You do not?" angrily.

"No; out here it is man to man, and I think he has a right to talk, the same as you have."

"Well, well, Geraldine; you amaze me!"

"Why so, captain?"

"By the talk which you are making. That is exactly the way the rebels talk!"

"Is it?"

"Yes; you had best not let your father hear you talk in that strain."

"I assure you, Captain Monkton, that my father will not say or do anything if he hears me talk in that fashion."

"Perhaps not; but I don't think he would relish the idea of having a daughter with rebel sympathies."

"Look!" exclaimed the girl; "that puts an end to the affair, I am sure!"

The girl had told the truth. Terrible Turk had rushed at Dick like a mad bull, and had struck out wildly and fiercely, but had been unable to land any of the blows, Dick easily keeping out of the way until his opponent had winded himself, and then the youth had delivered two blows. One was fair between the eyes, this one straightening the ruffian up; and the other was exactly over the heart. It was this last blow that ended the combat, for it was a terrible stroke and took all the life and strength out of Terrible Turk, and while he was not senseless he was helpless, being unable to move a limb. The fact was, the blow was so hard that it had jarred the heart to a standstill, and the ruffian was for the time as helpless as if paralyzed.

As Dick, after looking upon his fallen foe for a few moments, turned away he found himself confronted by the British officer, who had leaped to the ground and advanced.

"I challenge you to a duel!" the captain said, sternly and haughtily.

CHAPTER IV.

THE CAPTAIN TRIES HIS HAND.

As may well be supposed, Dick was surprised, and stared at the speaker in amazement.

"You challenge me to a duel?" he exclaimed.

"I do!"

"But why?"

"That is my business!" haughtily.

"Well, I think I am interested somewhat also; I insist that you give a reason for challenging me."

"Oh, you do?"

"I do."

"Well, I can give a reason."

"I suppose you could."

"Yes, I can give a reason, and a good one."

"What is it?"

"You insulted me!"

The youth looked surprised.

"I insulted you?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"How?"

"By using insolent language toward me."

"When did I do so?"

"A few minutes ago."

"I do not remember of having said anything insolent."

"Yes, you do!"

"I beg your pardon, but I do not," Dick spoke quietly but firmly and decidedly.

"Don't you remember what you said a few minutes ago?"

"I remember exchanging a few words with you, but I do not remember to have said anything insolent."

"You disputed my word."

"I corrected a mis-statement on your part, sir, that is all."

"It was not a mis-statement."

"Begging your pardon, sir, but it was."

The captain's face flushed and a wicked light appeared in his eyes.

"I suppose you don't call the manner in which you are talking now, insolent, either?" he said, sneeringly.

"Certainly I do not."

"Well, I do."

"How do you make it out?"

"Easily enough. By what right do you dispute my word?"

"The right of one man as against another, where a question is at issue. You said that my knocking Terrible Turk down was an accident; I overheard you, and knowing that you were mistaken, told you so. As I was interested, I think I had a perfect right to correct you."

"But I am a British officer!" The captain swelled out his chest and looked as important as it was possible for him to look.

"I know that," replied Dick, quietly; "at least I judged you were, as I see you have on a captain's uniform, but I would like to ask you what that has to do with the matter?"

"It has a great deal to do with it."

"I don't understand how that can be."

"It is simple enough."

"Explain."

"I will do so: What right has a peasant, a boor to dispute the word of a British officer?"

To the captain's surprise the young stranger burst into a peal of laughter. This was so unexpected and inexplicable that the officer did not know what to think. His face darkened, and he stared at the youth for a few moments in wonder, after which he said:

"Will you kindly explain what is so funny?"

"The remark you just made."

"The remark I just made?"

"Yes."

The puzzled look did not leave the officer's face.

"What was there funny about the remark?"

"Why, the fact that you should think that because you are a British officer your word should not be disputed."

"Oh, that seems funny, does it?"

"Yes."

"I don't see why it should."

"You don't?"

"No."

"That's because you are a British officer."

Geraldine Fleming laughed at this. It was evident that she saw something funny in this statement, and the captain suspected that it was not to his credit, for he flushed, and had to shut his teeth firmly together to keep from giving utterance to a curse.

"What do you mean by that?" he hissed.

"Just what I say, sir."

"Well, I don't understand just what you mean, so explain more fully."

"Very well; my meaning was this: That being a British officer, with a high regard for your dignity, you cannot see that ordinary people have any right to dispute anything you say."

"And they have no right to do so," haughtily.

"I beg to differ with you, captain. I think that any one has a right to dispute your word, if you make statements that are not in accordance with the facts in the case."

"Oh, you think that, do you?"

"I do."

"Then you must be an accursed rebel!"

The youth shook his head.

"You are mistaken," he said, calmly.

"You deny being a rebel?"

"I do."

"Well, your denial does no good, for I don't believe you!"

"You do not?"

"I do not!"

"Very well; it matters not to me whether you believe it or not, Sir Captain."

"What! More insolence?"

"Call it what you please, sir."

"I have half a mind to cut your peasant head off without giving you a chance in a duel!" hissed the captain.

"You are mistaken in calling me a peasant, Sir Redcoat," said Dick.

"If you are not a peasant and a rebel, what are you?"

"An American man and a patriot!"

As Dick said this in a firm, ringing voice, he folded his arms and gazed the British officer straight in the eyes with a look as unflinching as that of an eagle.

"Ha! I thought you said you were not a rebel!"

"I did say so."

"And now you say you are one."

"No."

"Why, you did just say so!"

"No, I said I was a patriot."

"Well, it's all the same."

"Oh, no; quite different."

"I don't see it that way."

"But it is true, nevertheless."

"What is the difference between a rebel and a patriot?"

"It is very simple: A rebel is one who rebels against just authority; a patriot is one who denies that the person trying to rule him has any authority; he claims that he is free and independent."

"Bosh! There is nothing in it. It is all the same, and as you are a rebel, by your own acknowledgment, I am going to put you out of the way with neatness and dispatch."

"Then you still insist on forcing me to fight a duel?"

"I do. I am doing more than I really should do, however, as I am a British officer, while you are a nobody, and as such you are not entitled to such a chance."

"My dear captain, if it will do you any good and make you feel any better, I will inform you that I, too, am an officer."

The captain looked surprised.

"You an officer?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"In what army?"

"The patriot army."

"What is your rank?"

"Captain, the same as your own."

"Where is your uniform?"

"I do not usually wear a uniform when venturing into the country where redcoats are numerous, sir."

"Humph! Well, if you are a captain you must be the possessor of a sword?"

"You are right; I have a sword."

"Then draw it and we will get to work."

"Very well, sir; anything to accommodate you."

The youth turned and walked to his horse and took a sword from the scabbard, which was hanging over the pommel of the saddle.

"As the challenged party," said Dick, "I would properly have choice of weapons, and I might prefer to choose pistols."

"True, you have a right to choose the weapons," said the captain; "and you may choose pistols if you like, but swords are the weapons of gentlemen, and I trust you will decide to use the blade in the contest."

"I presume the sword is your favorite weapon, and that you are more skillful in its use than with the pistol," said Dick, calmly.

The captain flushed.

"Choose pistols, if it pleases you," he said, haughtily. "I fancy I can kill you with the bullet from a pistol, quite as easily as with a sword."

"I have no doubt regarding that," was the quiet reply; "but I will accede to your wishes and choose the sword."

"Very well." The captain tried to look and act unconcerned, but Dick, who was a shrewd youth and a close observer, saw that the man was greatly pleased.

"He thinks he is my superior with the sword," thought the youth. "Very well; let him think so. I will speedily undeceive him."

There was a stir behind Dick and he turned and saw Terrible Turk scrambling to his feet. He had just recovered the use of himself.

"Take your stand over there, back of the captain," ordered Dick, and the ruffian obeyed. The youth did not wish to have Terrible Turk behind him while the duel was in progress, for he did not trust him, and felt sure the scoundrel would strike him from behind if he saw that he was getting the better of the redcoat.

"Now I am ready for you, sir," said the youth, facing the captain and throwing himself into position, sword in hand.

"One word," said the captain.

"Well?"

"Is this to be to the death?"

"Just as you say, sir."

"Very well, then, I say to the death!"

"Very well; it matters not to me."

"You will soon find that it does matter a great deal!" said the officer, but Dick only smiled and asked:

"Ready?"

"Ready!"

"Very well; engage!"

The next moment the blades clashed and the sparks flew.

Of course, feeling confident in his ability as a swordsman the captain attempted to rush matters. He thought he would have no difficulty in quickly disposing of the youth who had faced him so boldly.

To his surprise, however, he found himself met at every point. He could not make a feint that the other was not on guard against, nor could he work a single one of his numerous trick-thrusts successfully. The youth seemed to know them all and parried them with ease.

"Well, captain, what do you think about it, now?" asked Dick, with a smile.

"I'll kill you yet!" hissed the officer, who was deeply chagrined on account of the fact that the woman whom he loved was a witness to his failures to touch the youth. "I will cut your head off, directly!"

"That will be dreadful!" said Dick, in a tone of mock terror.

"You will see!" hoarsely.

"After my head is off?"

"No, before; you may be able to make a defense for a short time, but you cannot be a skilled and experienced swordsman as I am, and you will soon become tired, then——"

"Then what, captain?" with a smile.

"Then I will finish you!"

"I am very sorry, captain, but I really must refuse to be 'finished,'" said Dick, coolly.

"You won't be able to help yourself."

"I think I shall."

The girl and Terrible Turk were watching the combat with interest. Although she was the daughter of a British officer, Geraldine Fleming hoped that the young stranger would be victor. Not that she wished that the captain would be killed, but she did not wish the youth to lose his life. Terrible Turk, on the other hand, hoped that the young stranger, who had given him such a beating, would meet with death at the officer's hands.

The captain, evidently thinking to tire the young man out, forced the fight and attacked fiercely. He was simply defeating himself, however, for Dick easily defended himself, and it was soon evident that the British officer was becoming weary.

"You are tiring yourself out to no purpose, captain," said Dick, quietly; "I will soon have you at my mercy."

"Never!" cried the redcoat, viciously and angrily.

"Oh, yes!" with a smile. "You are almost winded, even now, and I think that I could dispose of you without exerting myself greatly."

"Then why don't you do it?" sneeringly.

"I believe I will," and Dick suddenly took the offensive and attacked Captain Monkton so fiercely that he was forced to give ground.

"Ah! the young stranger is the better swordsman, and is much stronger and fresher!" the girl said to herself. "I believe he will defeat the captain!"

Terrible Turk became impressed with the same idea, too, and, tricky by nature, he began working his way around so as to get behind Dick. It was undoubtedly his intention to strike or shoot the youth from the rear, but his plan was nipped in the bud by Geraldine. She was a soldier's daughter, and had learned to handle a pistol with the best of them; and understanding what the fellow's intentions were, she made up her mind to frustrate them. Drawing a pistol from the holster at the saddle she leveled it at Terrible Turk and said, in as stern a tone as she could command:

"Stay where you are, sir, unless you wish to die!"

"Thank you, miss!" said Dick, who had noted the action out of the corner of his eyes. "The scoundrel intended to get behind me and shoot me down, I doubt not."

"I didn' intend ter do nothin' uv ther kin'!" growled the ruffian.

"Well, stand where you are and then we will be sure that you will not do anything," said the girl.

"Have you turned rebel, Miss Geraldine?" exclaimed the captain, bitterly.

"Would you be a party to a foul murder, Captain Monkton?" asked the girl, with scorn in her tones.

"No, but I don't like to see you taking the part of a rebel."

"I am simply seeing that fair play is had by the gentleman, and you, as a gentleman, should thank me for that."

"Turk had no intention of doing anything."

"Uv course I didn'!"

"Well, then, it will do no harm for him to stand where he is," said the girl.

Clash! clash! clash! went the swords, and the sparks flew in all directions. Dick was pushing the officer hard, and had him practically at his mercy, when a sudden, startled cry escaped the lips of the maiden:

"Fly, sir; fly for your life!" were her words. "A large force of troopers is coming!"

A flashing glance showed Dick that the girl had spoken truly. A force of British troopers had just come around the bend and were coming on at a gallop.

It would not do for him to be caught, for he would be made a prisoner, and his identity might be discovered, when he would be hanged without ceremony. He must make his escape, and as the first move toward doing so, he, with a sudden movement, struck the sword of his opponent a fierce blow, which knocked it out of the captain's hand and several feet away. Then Dick struck the officer a hard blow on the side of the head with the flat of his sword, knocking the man down as if he had been struck with a sledgehammer.

Then Dick leaped into the saddle and dashed away on the back of the magnificent black horse.

CHAPTER V.

HURRICANE HARRY.

"Well, I seem to be getting into trouble at every turn!" said Dick to himself as he urged the horse onward. "I think, however, that I will not have much difficulty in getting away from the troopers, for their horses are heavy, clumsy beasts, with not much speed or endurance."

This soon proved to be the case, for the youth's horse drew steadily and somewhat rapidly away from those on which the troopers were mounted. A mile or two farther and the redcoats gave up the chase and turned back. Seeing this, Dick brought his horse down to a more moderate gait and rode onward.

A mile or two farther and then he began to look about him as if looking for something or somebody. The latter was the case. He was looking for his "Liberty Boys," whom he had left six or eight miles behind him, with instructions to go into camp soon.

"I ought to come upon them soon, I should think," he said to himself, but he rode onward a couple of miles farther and still saw nothing of his men.

"That is strange," he said, speaking aloud; "I don't see where the boys can be. I will soon be to where they were when I came on and left them, and they understood that they were to ride onward another mile or so, at least."

Onward the youth rode, slowly now, and he kept a sharp lookout on both sides of the road for some signs of

the encampment. Presently he brought his horse to a stop.

"Here is where they were when I came on ahead," he said to himself; "they must have come on another mile or so, and the question is: Where are they?"

There was no use of going on in that direction longer, so Dick turned his horse's head in the opposite direction and started back in the direction from which he had just come.

"Can I have passed them without seeing the encampment?" the youth asked himself. "I don't see how I could have done so unless they went deep into the timber, and I don't think they would have done that."

The youth was riding slowly along, gazing searchingly into the timber, first on one side and then on the other, when suddenly a man leaped out into the road in front of him, and, covering him with a pistol, cried:

"Halt!"

The youth obeyed instantly, at the same time remarking to himself: "I am tumbling into trouble pretty frequently this afternoon; there seems to be trouble at every turn." Aloud he said:

"Who are you?"

The man was not a bad-looking fellow, Dick said to himself. Indeed, he was handsome and there was something attractive in his appearance and bearing. He was dressed like the settlers of the region, and Dick was of the opinion that the man was not one who would be an enemy. In answer to Dick's question the man laughed shortly and said:

"It would seem to me, young man, that I am the proper person to ask questions, seeing as how I hold your life at my mercy."

"Well, that sounds reasonable," said Dick, smiling; "but I thought I would ask you the question, anyway."

"First tell me who you are and then I may tell you who I am."

"I am a stranger, traveling through the country," said Dick.

"Are you alone?"

"Don't you see that I am?"

"At present, yes. But I was wondering if you were not a member of the party of young fellows whom I saw an hour ago."

Dick started.

"Did you see a party of young men?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Where were they?"

"That would be giving you information. First tell me are you patriot or loyalist?"

"I am a patriot."

The youth answered promptly and fearlessly, and the stranger stared at him in surprise.

"Say, you are a bold fellow!" he exclaimed, in a tone of admiration.

"Why so?"

"Because you answer so readily and decidedly. You don't know but that I am a Tory."

"Oh, yes, I do!"

"Eh? How do you know it?"

"It is simple enough."

"Well, I'd like to know on what you base your belief that I am a patriot?"

"Your manner of asking the question told me that you are a patriot."

"It did?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"You asked me whether I was a patriot or a loyalist."

"I know I did."

"Had you been a Tory you would have said rebel instead of patriot. The British Tories seldom or never use the word patriot."

The stranger's face lighted up.

"I see," he said; "you are keen and observant."

"It is necessary that one be, these times, sir; and now if you will tell me who you are I will be pleased. The pistol, too, you may lower, if you will, as it might, through some mischance, go off."

The man lowered the pistol and placed it in his belt.

"My name is Harry Caine," he said.

Dick started.

"Are you indeed the man known throughout this region as 'Hurricane Harry,' the patriot partisan fighter?" exclaimed Dick.

"I am sometimes called 'Hurricane Harry,'" was the quiet reply.

"I am glad to make your acquaintance, Harry Caine!" said Dick, leaping down and giving the other his hand.

"But you haven't told me who you are as yet," the other said.

"My name is Slater—Dick Slater."

"What! The captain of the company of young men known as 'The Liberty Boys of '76'?"

"The same," with a smile.

"Well, well! Dick Slater, I am indeed glad to make

your acquaintance!" shaking his hand heartily. "And that party of young men—are they the 'Liberty Boys'?"

"Yes; and I was searching for them when you brought me up, standing."

"Then I think I can help you out a bit; I saw them about an hour ago."

"Where were they?"

"They were on a road running westward, a mile south of here."

"Now I wonder why they turned aside?"

"I don't know; of course, I did not hail them as I did not know whether they were friends or not, so I can tell you nothing more about the matter."

"Well, I must hasten on after them and find out what they mean by going off to one side in that fashion."

"If you have no objections I will accompany you."

"I shall be pleased to have you do so; but you have no horse."

"Yes, I have one. Wait a moment."

Harry Caine plunged in among the trees and returned a few moments later, leading a large, strong-looking horse. Vaulting into the saddle, he said:

"Now I'm ready to accompany you."

The two set out down the road at an easy gallop, and as they went they conversed.

"How happens it that you and your 'Liberty Boys' are down here in the South, Dick?" asked Hurricane Harry.

"The commander-in-chief sent us down here to aid Lincoln in holding Charleston," was the reply.

"So that is how you come to be down here, eh?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'm glad you are here, for now I think you will be able to do a good deal of good, though, I don't think Lincoln will be able to hold Charleston."

"You don't?"

"No. The British are working their way closer and closer to the city, and will capture it, I am confident."

"I am sorry to hear that."

"I wish the indications were otherwise, but such is not the case."

The two were almost to the point where the road the "Liberty Boys" had taken branched off, when suddenly, on rounding a bend in the road, they saw within fifty yards of them, and coming on at a gallop, a party of perhaps a dozen British dragoons. Dick recognized them as being the fellows who had chased him, for back of them a hundred yards or so were the captain and the maiden, Geraldine Fleming.

"Here's more trouble!" he said to himself. "I am running into it at every turn, sure enough."

"Charge the scoundrels!" roared Hurricane Harry, drawing a pistol and spurring his horse forward. "Down with the minions of a tyrant king!"

Dick was surprised. He felt that it was rather ticklish business for two men to charge a dozen, but he would not desert his companion, and urged his horse forward at a run. He drew two pistols and fired two shots, returned the pistols to his belt, drew two more from a holster and fired them and returned them to their resting place, and while he was doing this Hurricane Harry had fired four shots. The shots were good ones, too, for five of the redcoats dropped from their horses, either dead or wounded.

Then with swords in their hands the two daring patriots dashed in among the redcoats and began laying about them with such fury that although the troopers made an effort to resist they were unable to do anything, and after four more of their comrades had gone down the three who were left turned their horses' heads in the opposite direction and raced away at the best speed of which the animals were capable.

Captain Monkton had drawn his sword and started forward to help his men, but had hardly more than got started before the fight was over and the small remnant of the force was in full flight; and he, too, turned his horse and fled as fast as he could make the animal go, leaving the girl alone.

Hurricane Harry started in pursuit of the captain, but stopped when he came up with the maiden, and, doffing his hat, bowed courteously and said:

"Ah, lady, I am very sorry indeed to have deprived you of an escort and protector."

The girl was eyeing the handsome young patriot with an interest which she could scarcely conceal. She turned her head and looked after the fleeing captain, and there was scorn on her face when she turned it back again.

"No apologies are necessary, sir," she said; "Captain Monkton was my escort, true, but I think that he could scarcely be looked upon in the guise of a protector."

Hurricane Harry smiled.

"Certainly not at the present moment, at any rate," he said.

"Will you tell me your name, sir?" the maiden asked.

"Certainly, young lady; my name is Harry Caine.

"Ah! Then you are the patriot who is known as Hurricane Harry!"

"Yes, lady."

"I have heard my father speak of you."

"Indeed?"

"Yes; my father is Colonel Fleming, of the king's army."

"I am pleased to make your acquaintance, Miss Fleming."

"Thank you," said the girl, blushing.

"And now, if you wish, I will accompany you until you find another escort," Hurricane Harry said.

The girl shook her head.

"No," she said, "I know the way back to the British encampment, and do not need an escort, though I thank you for your kind offer. I must be going, too, else those troopers will reach the encampment and cause my father to be uneasy regarding me."

"When you overtake the troopers tell them that they may return and bury their dead comrades and take care of the wounded," said Dick.

"Very well, sir," was the reply; "and then with a pleasant 'good-by,' the girl rode away.

"Jove! what a beautiful girl!" said Harry, enthusiastically, as he watched the maiden riding away.

"She is very beautiful, Harry," said Dick.

"The most beautiful that I have ever seen!"

"I believe you are in love, my boy!" smiled Dick.

"I am!" decidedly. "I'm head over ears in love with her—aren't you?"

Harry gave Dick a quick, searching look as he asked the question.

"I'm in love, yes—but not with her."

"Ah! you already have a sweetheart?" There was relief in the young man's tone.

"I have; a sweet, beautiful girl, away up in New York."

"I'm glad of that, for now I won't have you for a rival."

"You are going to try to go in and win this girl, then?"

"I am!"

"I wish you luck, Harry—and I believe you will have good luck, too, for unless I am mightily mistaken she took a great fancy to you."

"Do you really think so?" eagerly.

"I do. I could see it in her eyes."

"Jove! I hope you are right!"

"I am sure of it; but you won't have an easy task, even if she does favor you, for she is the daughter of a British officer, and it will be hard for you to get to see her."

"I'll see her and win her, too, in spite of all the British!"

"I wish you success, old man; go in and win, is what I say, and I am confident Miss Fleming will make you a satisfactory wife, even though you are a patriot, for I am sure she is not very much prejudiced against the patriots."

"You think not?"

"I am sure of it; she seems to think very well of us," and then Dick told how Geraldine had taken his part and held the ruffian, Terrible Turk, at bay, when Dick and Captain Monkton were fighting the duel.

"She is one girl in ten thousand, I am certain," said Harry, enthusiastically; "and I'll win her if I can."

Then the two rode away to go in search of the "Liberty Boys."

CHAPTER VI.

BOB THINKS THEY ARE "HOODOOED."

Perhaps the most disgusted man of all was Terrible Turk. He was a ruffian with a reputation that had been made by acts of cruelty, and his very name possessed terror-inspiring qualities, especially among the more timid of the patriots, and the members of their families.

And now to think that he had been thrashed soundly by a mere youth, whom he had thought to dispose of without the least trouble. It was terrible to think of!

He waited till the British troopers had dashed onward in pursuit of Dick, and Captain Monkton and Geraldine had followed to see whether or not the troopers would be successful in catching the daring rebel, and then he left the road, and, plunging into the timber, walked steadily and rapidly onward for half an hour. Then he came to an old mill which stood on the bank of a little stream. The stream was not wide, but it was swift-flowing and had undoubtedly furnished the power for running the mill.

Terrible Turk entered the main room of the mill, and found two men there. They were rough, vicious-looking fellows, and were evidently cronies of his, for they greeted him familiarly.

"Hello, Turk!"

"Back erg'in, hey?"

"Yas, I'm back," growled Turk, in such a sullen voice that the two looked at him in surprise.

"What's the matter?" asked one. "Ye tork ez ef ye hed run up erg'inst er snag, er sumthin', while ye wuz erway."

"Thet's erbout ther trooth uv ther matter, too," was the reply.

"Tell us erbout et!" said the other of the two, eagerly.

Terrible Turk did so, holding back nothing, and acknowledging that he had been thoroughly whipped by the stranger youth.

Exclamations of wonder escaped the lips of the two hearers. They could not understand it, and said so.

"Waal, I kain't unnerstan' et, Turk!" said one. "I don' see how he ever got ther better uv ye."

"Nur me, nuther!" said the other.

"I hardly unnerstan' et, myse'f," growled Turk; "but thar's wun thing thet I know."

"Whut's thet?"

"W'y, thet ef ever I git ther chance I'm goin' ter git even with ther young cuss whut handled me in ther fashion he did!" Turk spoke viciously and there was no doubt but that he meant what he said.

The three talked for an hour and then went to work to cook supper. This old mill was the home of Terrible Turk, and the two ruffians were there a part of the time, though they belonged farther to the westward. The three were associated together in the work of robbing and plundering the patriots, and when they were working in this vicinity the two stayed with Terrible Turk at his old mill home.

While they were getting the evening meal Turk happened to glance out of the window and a cry of amazement and fierce joy escaped his lips.

"Here comes that young scoundrel who whupped me!" he said, "an' Hurricane Harry an' two more fellers air with 'im! This is good luck, fur er fack. Boys, I'll go an' hide so they won't see me an' be s'pishus, an' ye mus' manage ter git 'em up inter ther grain-bin at ther top uv ther mill an' fasten 'em in. Then we'll set fire ter ther ole mill an' burn ther cusses like rats in er trap!"

"Whut! Burn down yer house, Turk?" exclaimed one of the men, in surprise.

"Yas; ennythin' ter git even with thet young rebel—an' Hurricane Harry, too; I hate him, an'll be glad ter git 'im outer ther way, fur he hez chased me two er three times, an' I've heerd ez how't he hez threatened ter run me down an' kill me er drive me outer the country. I don' keer fur ther ole mill ef we kin on'y succeed in gittin' rid uv them fellers."

"All right; we'll do ther bes' we kin, Turk. Now hurry an' git outer heer ef ye don' wanter be seen."

Terrible Turk stole out of the mill through a rear door, and as he disappeared there came a knock on the front door.

Dick Slater and Hurricane Harry rode along at as rapid a gait as they could travel, and presently turned into a road leading off at right angles from the main road.

It was evident that this road was not used a great deal, and Dick asked where it led to.

"To an old mill," was the reply.

"An old mill?"

"Yes; it is not in use now, but several years ago it was being run. Its owner was a patriot, and it is said that he was murdered by Terrible Turk and some cronies, because he tried to prevent them from robbing him of a grist of meal that he had ground for a neighbor."

"So that scoundrel, Terrible Turk, really has committed murder, has he?"

"Yes, on several occasions; and I have made up my mind to hunt him down and put an end to his career."

"Had I known that I could easily have finished him, for I had an encounter with him this afternoon."

"You did?"

"Yes," and then Dick told of his meeting with Terrible Turk.

"You would have done a splendid thing for the people of this vicinity if you had killed the scoundrel instead of merely giving him a thrashing," said Harry; "though I must say that I am glad to hear that you did that much."

"I may meet him again," said Dick, "and in that case I will undoubtedly have a chance to finish him, for he will go in to try to kill me."

"Yes, he'll be wild to get revenge on you for the thrashing you gave him."

"Well, I shall be glad to give him the chance."

"I have been somewhat suspicious that he might have his hiding place at the old mill," said Harry, thoughtfully; "though such fellows are usually moral cowards, and shun places where they have committed murders."

"Some of them are such heartless and hardened criminals that they do not mind," said Dick.

"True; and if we run across your 'Liberty Boys' anywhere in the vicinity of the mill we will go into camp and then go and make a thorough search and see if we can catch Terrible Turk."

Presently they came to a place where there were two roads, one going to the right, the other to the left.

Harry leaped down and made a brief examination of the ground.

"Your 'Liberty Boys' took the left-hand road," he said; "I was afraid they might."

"What! more trouble?" remarked Dick. "Where does that road lead to, Harry?"

"To the road leading to Georgetown."

"Humph! Well, I suppose we will have to follow."

"Yes."

The two set out and rode perhaps a mile, when they met

the "Liberty Boys." The youths had discovered that they were on the wrong road and were coming back.

"Where in the world have you fellows been?" cried Dick. "And how did you come to turn off the main road leading to Charleston?"

"I give it up, Dick," replied Bob Estabrook, with a lugubrious countenance; "I guess we must have been hoodooed."

"Well, I think you must have been! I don't see how you came to do it at all."

"Neither do I. When we came to the road that leads off from the main road, I rode down it and the others followed. I don't know why I did it; it just seemed to me that it was the right road and I took it and did not stop to think about the matter at all."

"Well, it can't be helped now."

"No."

"But you will do well to be more careful in future, Bob."

"I will, Dick; but if a fellow is hoodooed he can't help it, you know."

"I guess you were not hoodooed, Bob," said Dick, smiling.

"I can't understand it any other way."

Then Dick introduced Hurricane Harry to the "Liberty Boys," and they greeted him pleasantly, for all had heard of the young patriot who fought the British and Tories with such vigor and fierceness as to earn for him the name of Hurricane Harry.

"Now we will hasten back," said Dick, and they rode back at as rapid a pace as was practicable, the road being anything but conducive to rapid traveling.

When they reached the point where the roads forked, Dick called a halt.

"It is almost sundown," he said; "and it is about time to go into camp for the night, anyway, so I think we might as well stop here and make preparations for spending the night; then, Harry, some of us can go to the old mill and see if we can find Terrible Turk."

"That isn't a bad idea," said Harry; "and this will be a safer place to camp, anyway, than if you go back to the main road, for there you would be in danger of being discovered and attacked by the British."

"True," said Dick, and he gave the order for the youths to dismount and go into camp.

"How far is it from here to the old mill?" he asked of Harry, when the arrangements for passing the night there had been about completed.

"About a mile and a half, I should say."

"Good! Then let's walk down there and take a look around before it gets too dark to see anything."

"I'm willing."

"Here, Bob and Mark, do you want to go with us?" called out Dick.

"Of course we want to go with you!" said Mark.

"Yes, indeed," said Bob; "but I hope there won't be any hoodoo business about it."

"Oh, I believe you are getting to be superstitious, Bob!" laughed Dick.

"Well, I don't understand why I turned into that side road, and now, as this trip to the old mill comes as a result of my mistake, I am inclined to be a bit dubious about it, and would almost be willing to wager that we get into trouble before we get through with the affair."

"Well, well, Bob!" said Dick, looking at his comrade curiously; "this is something new for you. I never saw you look on the dark side of any affair before."

"Well, it's the way I feel, Dick, and I can't help it. I am eager to go, though; I wouldn't stay back for anything, and if we are hoodooed I'll do my best to break up the evil spell."

"Oh, you are not feeling well, Bob. You'll be all right in a day or two."

"I hope so."

Dick then told the "Liberty Boys" where himself and three comrades were going, and said that they would probably be back in an hour or an hour and a half. Then they set out.

Twenty-five minutes' walk brought them to the old mill, and they eyed their surroundings keenly as they approached the building. Bob's heart sank, for he felt as if he could feel trouble in the air.

"I feel dubious, fellows," he said, with a shake of the head; "we want to keep our eyes open, I tell you!"

Then Dick knocked on the door and a few moments later it was opened by an evil-faced fellow, who eyed the four curiously.

CHAPTER VII.

IN THE OLD MILL.

"Who air you?" he asked. "An' whut d'ye want?"

"We are friends of Terrible Turk's," said Hurricane Harry, "and would like to see him."

"Ye would?" with a searching glance.

"Yes. Is he here?"

"Yas, he's heer."

"Good! come on, boys!" and Harry pushed his way into the main room of the mill, the three following closely.

"Where is Terrible Turk?" asked Harry, in a disappointed tone of voice as he glanced around the room and saw only the one other man, and he a stranger.

"He jes' went up inter ther meal-room ter git some meal fur ter make some hoe-cakes."

"Up that way?" asked Harry, pointing to some steps leading upstairs.

"Yas."

"We'll go up and see him, as our business is important and imperative," said Harry; "come along, boys!"

"I'll call 'im down," said the man, but Harry shook his head.

"It isn't necessary; we'll go up there and will have a better opportunity to talk to him on the business which has brought us hither."

The four hastened across the floor and up the steps, and did not observe the triumphant glances which the two ruffians exchanged.

As soon as the four had reached the landing at the top of the steps and had passed through the doorway, the ruffian who had done most of the talking ran up the steps and pushed the door shut and quickly placed a heavy oaken bar across it. The door itself was heavy and strong, and now with the bar across it it would easily withstand such attempts as might be made by the four to break it down.

As soon as he had done this the ruffian hastened back down the steps and to the door at the rear. Opening this he called:

"Turk! Turk!"

Terrible Turk appeared from among some bushes near at hand.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"We've got them penned up in the meal-room an' hallway, upsta'rs!" was the eager reply.

"Hev ye? Good! Then we'll soon roast ther cusses!"

He entered the mill, and as he did so there came the sound of pounding on the door up at the head of the steps.

"Here, here! Open the door and let us out!" cried a voice.

"I'll go up an' tork ter 'em er minnet," said Turk, with a look of fiendish delight on his face; "you two go out an' git red dy ter start ther fire when I tell ye."

"All right," and the two went out of doors, while Turk made his way up the steps and paused at the landing.

"Hello, in thar!" he called out.

As may well be supposed, Dick and his comrades soon discovered that they had been tricked and trapped, and when they heard the door go shut, and the bar rattle into place, they hastened back and began pounding on the door and calling out that it be opened. And now when they heard Turk's voice, Harry and Dick recognized it.

"Hello, yourself, Turkey!" retorted Dick. "Open the door and let us out."

"Haw! haw! haw! So ye wants me ter open ther door, does ye?" laughed the desperado.

"Yes, open it at once! What do you mean by fastening us up in here, anyway?"

"Whut do I mean?"

"Yes."

"I mean thet ye shan't leeve ther place erlive, thet's whut I mean!"

There was no mistaking the fact that the fellow meant what he said. There was venom in his tones.

"You say we will not get out of here alive?"

"Thet's whut I say!"

"But how are you going to make your words good?"

"How am I goin' ter make 'em good?"

"Yes."

"Easy enuff."

"I don't see how."

"Don't ye?" mockingly.

"No; there are four of us, all armed, while there are only three of you."

"Yas, but ye won't git no chance ter fight with us."

"We won't?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Becos we hain't ergoin' ter giv' ye no chance, thet's w'y."

"But you won't be able to help yourselves."

"We won't, hey?"

"No."

"I think we will."

"Ye'll fin' out yer mistake, mighty quick!"

"When you come in here to try to make prisoners of us we will have a chance at you."

"Oh, but we hain't ergoin' ter try ter make no pris'ners uv ye!"

"You are not?"

"Not er bit uv et!"

"What are you going to do with us, then? Let us stay here and starve?"

"Wuss nur thet"

"Worse?"

"Yas."

"What are you going to do, then?"

"We air goin' ter sot ther ole mill afire an' roast ye like rats in er trap!"

The four looked at one another—they could just make out to do this in the dusk—aghast. The declaration of the desperado was enough to make them look sober.

"Do you really think he means what he says?" asked Dick, in a low tone.

"I'm afraid that he does," replied Hurricane Harry. "He has the reputation of being vindictive as a snake, and desperate."

"I knew we were hoodooed!" said Bob, disconsolately. "Joye! but I guess it is all up with us this time!"

"Perhaps not," said Dick; "I don't believe he will set fire to the mill. It is too good a place for him to stay. He won't be willing to destroy his home in that manner."

"I think he will do it, if by so doing he can get rid of four fellows whom he hates," said Harry, soberly.

"Well, whut d'ye think erbout et now?" called out Turk, in tones of triumph. "Ye don' seem ter hev much ter say, all uv er sudden."

"I will just say this, Terrible Turk, that I think you are about the biggest scoundrel on the face of the earth!" said Dick. "And I will say, further, that I shall make it my business to see to it that your career comes to a sudden end, and that before very long, too!"

"And I'll make it my business to work to the same end!" called out Harry.

"Thet's all right; threaten all ye wanter," was the mocking reply; "thet's all ther good et'll do ye. Ye'll never leave this heer mill erlive, so I guess et won't do no hurt ter let ye tork!"

"I'll wager you that you are lying when you say we won't leave this mill alive!" called out Dick. "We will leave it alive, and what is more we will make an end of you before many days have passed!"

"Bah! Ye air erbout ther biggest feller ter brag thet I hev ever run ercross, an' thet's er fack. But thet's all et is—brag."

"You will see!"

"Yas, an' so'll ye see—but I hain't ergoin' ter fool erway enny more time with ye. I'll jes' go down an' tell ther boys ter start ther fire!"

The four listened to the ruffian's footsteps as he made his way downstairs, and then they looked inquiringly and anxiously at one another.

"What do you think?" asked Bob. "Will he keep his word?"

"Yes, without doubt!" replied Harry. "The best thing we can do is to begin trying to find some way of getting out of this."

"That is the thing to do, without doubt!" said Dick.

Then they went to work. They made their way along the hall until they came to a room at the farther end. In this room, which was small, being not more than ten feet square, was a quantity of cornmeal.

"The last grist ground by the owner of this mill before he was murdered by Terrible Turk, no doubt," said Hurricane Harry.

At one side were the great round stones which had ground the grain to meal and which had been operated by the water-wheel in the race below, but there was no way of getting out of the room save by way of the door through which they had come. Having satisfied themselves of this the four made their way back along the hallway and listened at the door.

They could hear nothing, and Harry suggested that they try to break the door down. This was tried, but without success, for the door was strong enough to resist three times the force they could put against it.

"Listen!" said Harry, presently; "some one is coming up the stairs."

"I hope it is a friend!" said Mark Morrison.

"It is more likely Terrible Turk coming to crow over us some more," said Dick. And it turned out that he was right. It was Turk who knocked on the door and called out:

"Hello, in thar!"

"Well, what do you want?"

"I wanted ter tell ye thet we hev started ther fire!" was the triumphant reply. "I knowed ye'd like ter know et."

"You are very kind, Turkey, old man!" said Dick, sarcastically.

"Oh, et's my natur', ye know—haw! haw! haw!"

Terrible Turk was evidently in a good humor.

"Yes, we know that," said Dick, sarcastically; "you are as kind-hearted as a panther or a mountain lion."

"Thet's erbout it, ye bet—speshully when et comes ter dealin' with fellers whut I hate like I hates you fellers. Ha! but I shall laugh when I hear you shrieking for help—when I hear your shrieks of pain when the fire is scorching you! Oh, you didn't know when you struck Terrible Turk that you were dooming yourself to sure death, did ye?"

"No; and I don't know it yet!" was Dick's calm reply.

"Oh, ye kain't escape; ye needn' think et! Ye air goners, an' in less'n fifteen minnets ye'll be roastin', fur ther ole mill is dry ez tinder an'll burn mighty fast. Listen an' ye'll heer ther cracklin' uv ther flames a'ready."

The four listened and sure enough they did hear the crackling of the flames; they could smell the smoke also and realized that they were in great danger.

"Let's fire a volley through the door," whispered Dick; "perhaps we may be fortunate enough to hit the scoundrel, and if we could drop him and force him to burn with us that would be some satisfaction." —

"So it would," agreed Hurricane Harry; "we'll try it at any rate."

The four drew their pistols and cocked them; then they leveled the weapons and at a signal from Dick, fired. Following the volley sounded a yell of pain, this being succeeded by a string of curses.

"I guess we hit him!" said Dick, in a tone of satisfaction. Then he raised his voice and called out:

"Hello, Turkey! How do you like that?"

"Ye jes' giv' me er flesh-woond," was the reply; "et hain't much, an' I'll soon hev my revenge on ye fur et. In ten minnets ye'll be scorchin', an' I'll stan' down on ther groun' at er safe distance an' larf ter think uv whut ye're goin' through with—cuss ye!"

Then followed the clatter of the fellow's feet as he hastened back down the steps.

"Well, I guess we will have to roast, sure enough!" said Hurricane Harry, "but I tell you I don't like the idea at all. I never thought that I would end my life in this miserable fashion. It is terrible to think of being burned to death like a rat in a trap!"

"So it is," agreed Dick; "but let's don't give up all hope. Let's try to find some way of escape!"

They went to work and searched for some way of getting out of the prison, and as they worked the crackling of the flames grew louder and louder and the smell of the smoke grew stronger and stronger.

It began to grow warm, too, and presently it became hot. The flames were coming nearer and nearer.

"If we don't find some way of getting out of here, and that very soon, we are doomed!" said Dick, soberly.

"I told you that we were hoodooed!" said Bob. "I felt sure that in coming to this old mill we were going to get into trouble."

"You were right," said Hurricane Harry. "We have gotten into trouble, sure enough; and serious trouble at that."

"Yes; I don't see any possible chance for us to escape," said Mark Morrison.

"It really seems as if we are doomed!" said Harry.

Crackle! crackle! crackle! went the flames, while the smoke was now pouring in in such volume as to make it next to impossible for the four to breathe.

CHAPTER VIII.

A SURPRISE.

Suddenly an exclamation escaped Dick.

"What is it, Dick?" asked Bob.

"I've made a discovery!"

"What is it?" eagerly, in a chorus from the three.

"I have found a trap door in the floor!" While talking, Dick was down on his hands and knees and was busy at work trying to lift the trap door.

"Lend a hand, fellows," he said; "there has been a ring, but it is gone, and we'll have to pry the door up till we can get hold underneath the edge; then it'll be easy to lift it."

Instantly the three were down on their hands and knees, hard at work, and it did not take long to lift the trap door, which was about four feet long by three in width, and two inches thick, making it quite heavy.

The four looked eagerly down through the opening and saw that they were right above a ledge or pathway, which extended along the mill-race, and on the other side of it was a stone wall ten feet in height at least. There was no ladder or other means of getting down; if they got down they would have to jump—but that would be much better than to remain where they were and be burned to death.

"How far is it down to the pathway, do you think?" asked Mark Morrison.

"It is twenty feet at least," replied Dick; "but by holding with our hands and hanging down at arm's length we will be able to shorten the distance seven or eight feet. It will jar us up a bit, but I don't think there is much danger of breaking any bones if we are careful."

"Well, go ahead, Dick, and show us how it should be done," said Bob.

"All right," and lowering himself through the opening Dick let himself down till he hung at arm's length; then, after a few moments for steadying himself, he let go and dropped.

He alighted on his feet and fell on down to his knees, but leaped up quickly.

"I'm all right," he called up, cautiously; "hurry, for some of those scoundrels may come around this way and see what we are up to and shoot us down."

Mark Morrison came next and made the drop successfully, being shaken up a bit, but not hurt by the fall; and then Harry came, being followed quickly by Bob, and neither was injured.

The youths now looked about them to see what chance there was for making their escape unseen by their enemies. It seemed that it would be impossible for them to go back up the stream, for the pathway ended a few yards distant, and to get out that way they would have to swim forty or fifty yards against a mill-race—which would be practically impossible of accomplishment. Plainly they would have to look in the other direction for means of getting away.

They moved down a ways and were looking eagerly for a way to get out when they heard the voice of Terrible Turk. It sounded almost above their heads, and looking up they saw the fellow and his two comrades standing, looking down upon them.

"So you got out of the mill and escaped bein' burned to death, after all, hey?" exclaimed Terrible Turk, and Dick could detect disappointment in the tone, though the fellow tried to disguise the fact that he was disappointed.

"Yes, as you see," replied Dick, drawing a pistol, his comrades doing the same.

Instantly the three Tories dropped down till only their heads could be seen.

"Well, we hev ye in er trap from which ye kain't escape this time!" the Tory cried, grinning in delight.

"You think so?" remarked Dick, coolly.

"Yas."

"Well, I think differently."

"Oh, ye do?" sarcastically.

"Yes."

"Waal, how air ye goin' ter git outer et?"

"We'll show you!" cried Dick.

As he spoke Dick suddenly raised his pistol and fired. It was a snapshot, no aim having been taken, but it came within an ace of ending the career of Terrible Turk. The bullet just did miss the fellow's head and went through his right ear. This must have caused the Tory considerable pain, however, for with a wild yell he fell backward, disappearing from sight. His two comrades fell back just in time to escape being hit by bullets from the pistols of the three patriots, who, taking their cue from Dick, had fired soon after he did.

Thrusting his pistol into his belt Dick leaped up and caught hold of the top stone of the high wall. Exerting his strength he turned himself up over, like the acrobats do on the horizontal bars, and he was just in time to see the three Tories running into the timber at the top of their speed.

"Bah! the cowards!" he said. "They could easily have gotten the better of us if they had been possessed of any courage at all. Well, I'm glad they have skipped out, and now I will help the boys up."

A glance around showed Dick a stout limb of a tree lying near, and, seizing it, the youth pushed it down and placed it against the wall.

"Now you can climb out of there," he said.

"What has become of the Tories?" asked Harry, as he clambered up the stick.

"They have taken refuge in flight."

"What cowards!"

"You are right; if they had had any courage they could have made an end of us."

"So they could; but those scoundrels have always been used to making war on women and children, and fear men."

"That is about the truth of the matter, I judge."

Bob and Mark were soon up on the level ground, and it was decided that they should return to the encampment of the "Liberty Boys" at once.

"We will do well to look out for ourselves as we go, however," said Dick; "those scoundrels are likely to way-lay us and try to make an end of us."

"That is well said," agreed Hurricane Harry; "but I think that if we hasten they will not recover from their fright soon enough to get after us."

They hastened to get away from the vicinity of the burning mill, for it made everything as light as day for quite a distance in every direction.

They had not gone far when they heard the patter of footsteps and they stepped out of the road and in among the trees and waited to see who the newcomers were. A few moments later a score of redcoats put in an appearance, running in the direction of the burning mill.

As soon as the British had passed, the four patriots stepped out into the road and hastened onward at a rapid walk. They had gone perhaps a quarter of a mile when there came the crack! crack! crack! of three pistols, and Bob uttered an exclamation.

"Jove! I'm hit!" he cried.

"Charge the scoundrels!" cried Dick. "It's Terrible Turk and his two comrades."

The four charged forward into the timber at the point

from which the shots had come, drawing their pistols as they did so, and they heard the sound of retreating footsteps, but could not catch sight of any one.

They fired a volley, however, and a loud yell was heard, which was pretty good indication that one of the scoundrels had at least been wounded. There was no use following the rascals farther, however, and the four turned back to the road.

"Are you badly hurt, Bob?" asked Dick, solicitously.

"No, I think not, Dick," was the reply; "the bullet cut through the fleshy part of my shoulder, but did no particular damage."

"Is it bleeding much?"

"Not a great deal; I can easily stanch it till we get to camp, and then you may bind it up."

They walked rapidly onward and a few minutes later reached the encampment. They found the "Liberty Boys" somewhat excited.

"What's on fire?" asked Sam Sanderson.

"An old mill," replied Dick. Then he went ahead and, while binding up Bob's wound, told the story of their adventures at the mill.

"And you say there are some redcoats there?" asked Sam, when Dick had finished.

"Yes."

"Then let some of us go and make an attack on them, Dick!"

As the youths all seemed eager to do this, Dick said that fifty of them might go, under the leadership of Sam Sanderson. The fifty at once set out, Hurricane Harry accompanying them, and about half an hour later the sound of firing in the direction of the old mill was heard.

"They're at it!" said Dick.

Three-quarters of an hour later the "Liberty Boys" put in an appearance.

"Well, how did you make it?" asked Dick.

"All right," replied Sam Sanderson.

"You found the redcoats at the mill?"

"Yes, and killed about a dozen of them."

"That was doing very well."

"I think so."

"Were any of our boys killed?"

"No; a couple were wounded, but not seriously."

The wounds of the two wounded youths were dressed and then the sentinels were placed out and the "Liberty Boys" rolled themselves in their blankets and went to sleep.

They slept perhaps three or four hours, and then they were awakened by the clatter of horses' feet. As they leaped up two horsemen appeared among them—or more prop-

erly speaking a horseman and a horsewoman, for the two were a man and a woman.

By the light of the moon, which was now high in the heavens, Dick and Hurricane Harry recognized the girl as being Geraldine Fleming, and the man with her was dressed in the uniform of a British colonel, and had gray beard and hair. They judged that he must be Geraldine's father.

What were the two doing here in the "Liberty Boys' " camp at this hour of the night?

CHAPTER IX.

THE COLONEL AND GERALDINE FLEE.

When Geraldine parted from Dick and Hurricane Harry, that afternoon, when the dozen troopers had been attacked and beaten by the two terrible fighters, she rode back in the direction of Charleston. She had not gone far before she overtook Captain Monkton, who had halted and was looking back.

"Well, captain, did your horse run away with you?" asked the girl, with a sarcastic smile.

"Yes, he did—though of course you will not believe it," growled the captain.

"Well, really, captain, it looked to me as if you turned the horse's head and then urged the brute to his best speed," was the calm reply; "though of course I would not say positively that such was the case."

"No, but you think it," bitterly.

"Well, perhaps I do."

"And I suppose you think that those two rebels are the bravest of the brave!" sneeringly.

"Well," coolly, "you cannot but admit, captain, that two men must needs be brave if they attack a dozen."

"More foolhardy than brave."

"Oh, I don't think that. They seem to be very cool, calm and calculating."

"Oh, yes, of course, to hear you tell it!" angrily. "I guess you have fallen in love with that scoundrelly rebel, Walton!"

"You are mistaken," calmly; "but if such were the case it would be none of your business, captain!"

The officer's face flushed and he retorted, angrily:

"No, perhaps not; but I must say that it is no more than I would expect from the daughter of a man who is more

than half rebel, even though wearing the uniform of a colonel in the British army!"

"Sir, you forget yourself!" cried the girl, her eyes flashing. "You are speaking of my father, and when I tell him what you have said he will make you eat your words!"

"Bah! I do not fear him. And if he attacks me he will find that he has made a big mistake, for there has been a lot of talk about him on account of his pronounced patriotic proclivities. In my opinion and in the opinion of the majority of the officers your father is a traitor to the king, at heart, and he will do well to go slow and be very careful."

"Oh, you liar—you scoundrel!" the girl cried, angrily. "I will tell my father and he will make you sorry you ever spoke of him in the way you have!"

"I am not afraid. If your father attacks me it will be the worst thing he ever did for himself."

"You will see!"

"Bah! and so will you. If your father attacks me I will kill him and then I will marry his daughter, ha! ha! ha!"

"Never! you cowardly scoundrel!" cried the girl. "Sooner than marry you I would kill myself. I hate you!"

Then the girl urged her horse into a faster gallop and tried to leave the officer behind, but he urged his horse to a more rapid gait also and kept along with her.

"If you were a gentleman you would let me go on alone," said Geraldine, biting.ly.

"Oh, no!" with an exasperating smile; "being a gentleman I will not permit a lady to ride alone."

The girl vouchsafed no reply, but there was a look in her eyes that showed the loathing she felt for the man who was thus forcing his company upon her.

The captain attempted to enter into conversation with the girl several times after that, but she remained dumb; she would not speak to him or answer a single question.

"Oh, well, be sulky if you like," said the captain at last, in a sullen voice; "when you have become Mrs. Monkton I'll take it out of you in a hurry!"

"That will be never!" the girl retorted.

The British encampment was reached presently and the girl turned her horse over to the care of an orderly and went to the tent which was occupied by her father and herself. She found her father in.

The colonel was a well-built, good-looking man of perhaps forty-five years, with gray beard and hair, and kindly eyes, which could, however, on occasion, become very stern. He smiled as his daughter entered the tent, but the smile left his face as he noted the look on Geraldine's countenance.

"What is the matter, Geraldine?" he asked. "What has happened?"

The girl lost no time in telling her father everything, and as he listened his face and eyes grew stern and his jaws squared themselves in a way which showed their owner was thoroughly aroused.

"So Captain Monkton says I am a patriot at heart, and a traitor to the king, does he?" he remarked, in a low, even voice, when the girl had finished.

"Yes, father."

"And he says that if I attack him he will kill me and then marry you, does he?"

"That is what he said, father."

"Very well; we will see whether or not he has told the truth. I shall go at once and interview the scoundrel!"

"Oh, father, be careful!" breathed the girl. "Don't let him take any unfair advantage of you."

"I will watch him, Geraldine, and see that he does not take me at a disadvantage—and if we meet fairly, man to man, I have no fear regarding the result."

The girl threw her arms around her father's neck and kissed him, again and again.

"I hate for you to have to fight the scoundrel, father," she said, "but under the circumstances I suppose it is necessary."

"Yes, it is necessary, Geraldine, for if I do not close his lying mouth he will keep on talking and get all the officers to thinking that I am disloyal."

Then the colonel kissed his daughter, whispered to her to have no fears, and then strode forth from the tent and made his way to where he knew he would find Captain Monkton.

The captain was standing, talking to a group of officers, and the colonel strode right up in front of him without ceremony, and fixing his eyes sternly upon the scoundrel's face, said:

"Captain Monkton; my daughter tells me that you accused me, to her, of being a rebel at heart, and a traitor to my king, and I have come here to tell you that you are a liar and a scoundrel!"

The officers stared, while the captain turned pale with anger and fear commingled, and shrank back.

"W-what's that you s-say?" he half gasped.

"I say that you are a liar and a scoundrel, Captain Monkton, and a disgrace to the uniform which you wear! Is that plain enough?"

"Yes, that's plain enough!" cried the captain, suddenly regaining command of himself. "And it is plain that I shall have to kill you, too, Colonel Fleming—and that is

slowly and thoughtfully; "and I can't say that I like the prospect."

"No, I fear it will be all cut and dried against you, sir," said Lieutenant Guilford.

"That is what I think; and I hardly know what to do."

"Oh, father, let us get away from here!" cried Geraldine; "I would not stay and give my enemies a chance to work their will unhindered."

"I have half a mind to get out!" the colonel said. "I fear I shall have no peace if I remain. The captain, while he was a scoundrel and deserved death, had many friends, and as it is true that I have considerable sympathy for the people of America and think them more than half right in fighting for independence, the majority of the officers would take sides against me."

"I think you are right about that, colonel," said the lieutenant; "I have heard a number of the officers talking, and they seem to side with the captain and against you, on account of the fact that you are known to be friendly toward the rebels."

"I have a good mind to get out and away," said the colonel; "Geraldine and I have no friends or relatives back in England, and I think I would like it here in America, first rate. What do you say, Geraldine?"

"I say, yes, father!" was the prompt reply.

"And you are willing to go and take your chances here among the people of America?"

"Yes, yes, father! Anything to insure your safety."

"Then we will go. Lieutenant, will you help us?"

"I shall be glad to do so, colonel. What can I do?"

"Have two horses ready at the northern edge of the encampment within the hour."

"Very well, sir, I will have the horses there."

"Thank you, lieutenant; you are indeed a true friend!"

After some further conversation the lieutenant took his departure, and the colonel and Geraldine began making their preparations for flight. They gathered all their valuables together and placed them in a stout bag, and then they took such clothing as could be carried easily. Having finished their work they decided to start, as the officers might come to make the arrest at any moment.

The colonel looked out and saw that all was quiet in the vicinity of their tent. Over to the other side a group of officers could be seen, talking, and Colonel Fleming had no doubt that he was the subject of their conversation.

"I think it will be safe for us to go now, Geraldine," he said, in a low tone; "come along!"

He carried the bag containing their valuables and some

clothing and they stole forth from the tent and away toward the edge of the encampment.

They reached it without having been noticed, and made their way around to the northern side. Here they found Lieutenant Guilford, with two horses ready for them as he had promised.

Knowing it was dangerous to linger in the vicinity the two shook hands with the lieutenant, thanked him for his kindness and aid, and bade him good-by.

Then they mounted and rode away, and as they did so they heard wild yells from the encampment.

"They have discovered our escape!" said the colonel. "Now we will have to ride hard and fast, Geraldine, for I doubt not that they will pursue us."

It was soon proven that he was right, for the sound of hoofbeats could be heard behind them, and the flight became practically a race for life, for if the colonel was captured now he would be shot or hung of a certainty.

Onward rode the fugitives, and after them came the pursuers. The latter were mounted on good horses and urged them to top speed, for in spite of all the colonel and his daughter could do the pursuers gained on them. Knowing that something would have to be done, the colonel, when he suddenly noted a road which turned off almost at right angles, entered it, Geraldine keeping close beside him, and they rode onward at the best pace possible under the circumstances.

Onward they dashed, and then of a sudden they found themselves in the encampment of the "Liberty Boys." Geraldine's sharp eyes saw and recognized Dick and Hurricane Harry, and she said to her father:

"We are safe, father! These are patriots and friends!"

CHAPTER X.

THE END OF TERRIBLE TURK.

It took the colonel and Geraldine but a few moments to explain their sudden appearance in the encampment, and they were given a hearty greeting by Dick, Harry and the "Liberty Boys."

"And now get ready to welcome the pursuers of the colonel and Miss Geraldine!" called out Dick. "If they come this way we will make them wish they had not done so!"

Just then the hoofbeats of horses was heard and the cry of, "They are coming!" went from mouth to mouth.

The "Liberty Boys" were ready, however, and when the redcoats put in an appearance, gave them a volley which had the effect of stopping them and turning them back in a hurry. There had been only about a dozen in the first place, and only three or four turned and got back out of the way. The others had fallen before the bullets from the "Liberty Boys' " muskets.

"When the dead redcoats had been buried and the wounded—of whom there were two—had been looked after, the question of what should be the course pursued by the colonel and Geraldine came up for discussion. It was evident that the British would do their best to capture the colonel, in order to shoot or hang him as a deserter and traitor.

"I'll tell you what you can do," said Hurricane Harry, addressing the colonel.

"What, sir?" the colonel asked.

"Why, you and your daughter go to my home and stay there until things become more settled in these parts."

"But won't the British find us there?"

"No; I am sure they will not. My home is in a secluded spot, and I don't think the British would find it in a year."

"Well, will it be convenient to have us there?"

"Yes, indeed; there is plenty of room as there is no one there but my mother and sister."

"How far is it from here?"

"About six miles."

"Can we go there on horseback?"

"Most of the way."

"Then let us go at once."

Then Hurricane Harry called Dick aside and told him that he would go to his home with the colonel and his daughter, and would then return and rejoin the "Liberty Boys."

"I wish to fight with you while you are in this part of the country, Dick," he said, and Dick told him that he would be pleased to have him do so.

A few minutes later Hurricane Harry and the colonel and his daughter rode out of the encampment and away. When they struck the main road they turned to the right and went toward the north. And behind them, just out of sight, but near enough so that he could hear the hoofbeats of the horses, rode a single horseman.

The horseman was Terrible Turk, and it was evident that he was trailing the three.

"We are followed!"

Hurricane Harry made this statement in a low, cautious

tone, when the three had been riding perhaps an hour. They were now following a sort of pathway which wound in and out through the timber, and it was only about half a mile farther to the young patriot's home.

"You think we are being followed?" exclaimed Geraldine.

"I am sure of it, Miss Geraldine."

"How many are following us?" asked the colonel.

"I think only one."

"Ah, then we have nothing to fear from him."

"Not from him alone, but if I permit him to trail us to my home then he will be enabled to go away and come back with a force sufficient to do as its members please."

"True. What will you do?"

"I'll tell you: You and your daughter ride onward. I will draw out to one side, and when the fellow comes along I will treat him to a surprise."

"Very well."

Harry drew out to one side and the two rode onward. Soon the hoofbeats of a horse was heard and then a rider came in view. As he rode across a point where an opening overhead permitted the moon to shine down through, Hurricane Harry saw who his pursuer was.

"Terrible Turk!" he said to himself. "Very good; I have long since determined that I would make an end of the scoundrel and now I have the opportunity. I'll stop him and have it over with at once."

The next instant Hurricane Harry had spurred his horse out into the path in front of Terrible Turk, and called out:

"Halt!"

"Ha! who are you?" cried Turk, his voice trembling a bit in spite of his efforts to hold it steady.

"Who am I?"

"Yas."

"I am one who has sworn to end your career of crime, Terrible Turk!" in a cold, menacing voice. "I am Hurricane Harry."

"Whut hev I ever done ter ye?"

"You have murdered patriots and robbed and plundered; and now you are trailing me for no good purpose."

"Yer mistook; I wuzn't follerin' ye."

"You lie!"

"Whut's thet! Ye dar' ter tell me, Turrible Turk, thet I lie?"

"I do; and I am going to do worse than that."

"Whut?"

"I am going to kill you!"

"Goin' ter kill me?" there was a gasp in the fellow's tone.

"I am!"

"When air ye goin' ter do et?"

"Right now and here!"

"Now an' heer?"

"Yes—look out! All right—take that!"

Crack!

With a gasping groan one of the horsemen tumbled out of his saddle and fell to the ground with a thud.

Twenty minutes later Hurricane Harry reached the house which had been his home for many years and found that Colonel Fleming and his daughter were already there and waiting anxiously for him to come. Harry's mother and sister were waiting anxiously also, for Geraldine had told them that Harry had stopped to see who was following them, and they had been afraid the young man might get killed.

"Oh, Harry, I am so glad to see you back again, safe and well!" said his mother as she seized him in her arms when he had alighted, and gave him a hug and a kiss.

His sister Lucy kissed him, and said how glad she was that he had got there safely, and Geraldine wished that she might claim a sister's privilege and kiss the handsome, manly young patriot, but of course she could not do it.

"Well, did you learn who it was that was following us?" asked the colonel.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"Who was it?"

"A Tory who is known in these parts by the name of Terrible Turk."

"I've heard of him," said the colonel.

"That fiend!" gasped Mrs. Caine.

"Goodness, Harry! What did he do?" Lucy asked.

"How did you manage to make him go back?"

"I didn't make him go back, Lucy," was the quiet reply.

"You didn't?" in surprise.

"No; I simply stopped him."

Harry emphasized the word "stopped" in such a way that all understood and the women folks shuddered.

"Well, if half that I have heard about him is true he deserved death a dozen times over," said Colonel Fleming.

"You are right, sir," said Harry; "he was a fiend in human form, and his death was something very much to be desired. The people of this vicinity may breathe freely once more."

Harry explained the situation to his mother, and she said that the colonel and his daughter were welcome to stay as long as they liked.

"Good!" exclaimed Harry; "I am sure you will be safe

here. And now I must return to the encampment of the 'Liberty Boys.' I am going to stay with them and help make it lively for the redcoats."

Harry mounted his horse and rode away, and an hour and a half later arrived at the encampment of the "Liberty Boys."

The members of the party of redcoats that had pursued Colonel Fleming and his daughter to the encampment of the "Liberty Boys"—those of the members, rather, who had escaped death at the hands of the "Liberty Boys," rode back to the British encampment with all possible haste and told the story of the affair. Great was the indignation when it was learned that a number of the troopers had been killed, and it was decided to make up a force and go back and hunt the daring rebels down and wipe them off the face of the earth.

"It must have been the force of that scoundrel Marion," said the British commander; "but we will show him that he cannot have everything his own way. We must capture Fleming, too, and make his punishment fit his crime."

"That's right," another officer agreed; "we must capture him and hang him to a tree as a warning to others who may be leaning in the same direction."

So a force of more than a hundred troopers was organized and hastened away under the command of a captain. They did not succeed in surprising the "Liberty Boys," however; in fact, Dick and his men surprised the British and routed them, after killing and wounding one-third of their force.

This angered the British commander more than ever, and he vowed that he would yet strike the daring rebels a strong blow, and that he would capture Colonel Fleming and hang him.

Next day Dick and his "Liberty Boys" met General Marion and his men and Harry told Marion the story of Colonel Fleming. "He wants to join your force," the young man added, in conclusion, "and if you say so I will go and bring him here."

"Very well," said the "Swamp Fox," "go along; I shall be glad to have him join us. We need all the men we can get."

Harry leaped upon his horse and rode away and an hour later arrived at his home.

"You said you wanted to fight with the patriots," said Harry to Colonel Fleming, after he had greeted all, "and now you have the chance. General Marion is near at hand, with his force, and says he will be glad to take you as one of his men."

"Very well; that will suit me splendidly," was the reply. "I have decided to make my permanent home in America, and I am not only willing but eager to fight to help secure the liberty and independence of the people. I want to be free!"

Geraldine kissed her father and bade him good-by, and he mounted his horse and rode away in company with Hurricane Harry, who had received a glance from the eyes of the beautiful girl that had set his heart beating more rapidly than was its wont.

"Can it be possible that she loves me?" he asked himself. "Ah, I hope so; and then when the war is ended we will settle down and be happy!"

Colonel Fleming had, of course, doffed his British uniform and was dressed in citizen's clothing. He was every inch a soldier, however, and made a very favorable impression on General Marion, when introduced to him.

"I have heard your story, sir," said the "Swamp Fox" with grave courtesy, "and I am glad to greet you and welcome you on the side of right."

"And I am glad to find myself on the side of right," was the prompt reply; "I was recently a subject of the king, but now and henceforth forever I shall be the subject of no king save the Great King of all, and I will fight to the death for Liberty and Independence!"

"Bravely spoken!" exclaimed Marion, approvingly.

Then he and Dick and the colonel held a council to decide on their best course.

"We must try in some way to lend assistance to General Lincoln," said Marion, "and we must decide upon the best manner of doing it."

While they were thus engaged a scout came in, with the report that a force of at least four hundred redcoats was approaching, and the allied forces—Dick's and Marion's—made ready to offer battle.

"We will give them all the fighting they want!" said Marion, grimly, and Dick and Colonel Fleming nodded assent.

The men were stationed in such a manner as would make it impossible for the enemy to do much damage without first charging right into their midst, and the patriots did not think the redcoats would ever succeed in doing that.

On came the British. They seemed to know the enemy was near at hand, but did not know its exact location. They came on, slowly and hesitatingly, as if feeling their way. Presently they were within range and the allied forces poured a volley into the ranks of the redcoats.

This opened the battle, and it waged furiously for half an hour. The British fired as rapidly as they could, but as they could not see to take aim their shots for the most part were wasted, while the bullets of the patriots did great execution.

The redcoats were desperate, however, and finally charged. This was foolish to the last degree, however, and their men went down like wheat before the farmer's scythe.

At last they could stand it no longer, and they beat a retreat, which quickly degenerated into a rout, as the patriots charged out from their hiding places and gave chase.

Of the four hundred redcoats, nearly two hundred were killed and wounded, and only eleven of the members of the allied forces were killed and six wounded. Of the killed five were "Liberty Boys" and six were Marion's men. Two of the wounded were "Liberty Boys" and four were Marion's.

It was a great victory and did much to comfort the allied forces for their failure to render aid to Lincoln, who a few days later was forced to surrender, Charleston falling into the hands of the British.

"We'll keep on fighting the redcoats in this vicinity for a while at least," said Dick Slater, and General Marion coincided with this statement, and said he and his men would remain and help do it.

There were numerous encounters with the British, and as the allied forces were careful, always, to have the advantage on their side before engaging in a battle, they usually succeeded in striking the enemy a severe blow without suffering much damage to themselves.

In one of the encounters, however, Colonel Fleming was killed, and when he had been given burial it was decided that Harry Caine should go to his home and break the sad news to Geraldine.

The young man rode away, and late in the evening arrived at his home. He broke the news to Geraldine as gently as he could, and when the girl's first paroxysm of

sorrow was over he gently hinted that he would like to take the place of protector to the girl throughout the rest of her lifetime, and when she realized what Harry meant she threw her arms about his neck and wept on his shoulder. She had lost her father but she had gained a lover, and it was evident that this would help her to endure her sorrow.

We may as well state here, that after the end of the war Harry and Geraldine were married and settled down on a plantation only a short distance from where Harry's home was. They were very happy, for they loved each other dearly.

The "Liberty Boys" and General Marion's men separated soon after the death of Colonel Fleming, and the youths, after putting in another week of work in that vicinity, started on their return to the North.

Bob often spoke of this trip into the South as being the time when they were "hoodooed," and always averred that he had a peculiar, depressed feeling the whole time he was down there, and secretly he had doubted that the "Liberty Boys" would ever get out of the South alive. They did,

however, and they lived to strike the British many hard blows after that time.

THE END.

The next number (85) of "The Liberty Boys of '76" will contain "THE LIBERTY BOYS' LEAP FOR LIFE; OR, THE LIGHT THAT LED THEM," by Harry Moore.

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